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VOLUME IV PITTSBURGH, PA., SEPTEMBER 1930 NUMBER 4

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ENTRANCE TO THE COLLEGE OF INDUSTRIES  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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### VOLUME IV      NUMBER 4 SEPTEMBER 1930

The pollen-dusted bees  
Search for the honey-lees  
That linger in the last flowers of September,  
While plaintive mourning doves  
Coo sadly to their loves  
Of the dead summer they so well remember.  
—GEORGE ARNOLD, "September"

—♦—

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—♦—

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The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.  
—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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### BON JOUR, THOU GOD-GIVEN ONE!

Captain Dieudonné Coste, with his brave navigator, Maurice Bellonte, has won a glorious achievement in crossing the Atlantic Ocean from Paris to New York without a stop. It is the first time that this bold enterprise has ever been accomplished. New York received the gallant aviators literally with open arms, and the nation took them to its heart. What a mark of time it means—from Columbus, with his voyage of 70 days, to Coste, with his voyage of 37 hours! And what a new and strong link he has forged in that imponderable chain which binds the New World in its unbreakable solidarity with the Old! Lindbergh and Coste have abolished space and distance, and together have destroyed the political isolation of America. Your name, Dieudonné, which means God-given, seemed, as you came to earth out of the blue sky, to make you a heavenly messenger of peace. And we now place you among the heroes of our common humanity.

### LORD BYRON'S REVIEWER

2 RUE BORGHÈSE  
NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE

CHER CARNEGIE:

Je vous remercie très vivement de m'avoir envoyé le numéro du Carnegie Magazine qui contient un excellent article sur ma "Vie de Byron." Je ne puis remercier l'auteur dont le nom n'est pas donné, mais dites-lui, je vous prie, si vous le voyez, que j'ai trouvé son résumé admirablement fait et qu'il m'a fait plaisir.

Bien sincèrement à vous,  
ANDRÉ MAUROIS

We have told all this to the reviewer.

### DROUTH

DEAR CARNEGIE:

In order to settle a heated discussion, will you please say how you pronounce that word which describes an intense dry spell—drought?

—BERNARD LOWREY

We don't pronounce that word at all because it is a barbarism that has no place in modern philology. The real word is drouth and is pronounced drowth, with the "ou" sound as in "out." The word comes from the old Saxon and was in common use in England in Shakespeare's time. In his "Pericles, Prince of Tyre" he settles the spelling and the pronunciation in this rhyme:

And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
E'er the blither for their drouth.

### KIND WORDS

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I deeply appreciate the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE. I read it every month with high regard for its value.

ARTHUR J. BROWN, Chairman  
The American Committee on  
Religious Rights and Minorities

## MILITARY TRAINING AT CARNEGIE TECH

BY ALEXANDER S. ACKERMAN, *Professor of Military Science and Tactics  
and Commanding Officer of the R. O. T. C.*

[Captain Ackerman is an alert engineer first and an able Army man second, which makes him peculiarly fitted to direct military training in a school productive of so many young engineers. His engineering background has been intensive and varied, outstanding among his experiences being his work on the Panama and Cape Cod Canals. During the War he saw service on the other side as commanding officer of the 137th Engineers, and he has compiled instruction texts and papers on military and civilian engineering problems. Captain Ackerman believes implicitly in student military training, not for the sake of militarism but for the intelligent exercise of force in the preservation of peace.]



IN the United States—traditionally the land of peace—we expect our Government to uphold and maintain the fundamental principles of our institutions as defined by the Declaration of Independence and

the Constitution, and as established by related enactments or proclamations of later periods. The defense of our country against aggression and the preservation of peace and order within its continental limits and in its foreign possessions are, therefore, essential. The degree of preparedness required is found by reference to our national ideals and foreign policy. It includes assistance to any nation in the Western Hemisphere too weak to preserve its own sovereignty in protecting its territory from control and possession by nations of the other Hemisphere. We also recognize our obligations, not only to ourselves but to the whole world, to eliminate intolerable international nuisances by assistance, particularly in the Caribbean area, to nations who have never been able to function by representative self-government. Our conduct under the Monroe Doctrine has, I believe, been correct at all times. There has been no occasion to use the army in this phase, the potentiality of the nation having been sufficient.

It has been stated that upon the inception of a major emergency for our defense a million men would spring up over night. The fallacy of this has recently been proven, and if such a force could be so promptly available, past experience has demonstrated the ineffectiveness of what is merely a mob—so far as coordination, control, and efficiency are concerned—for immediate use, and the prolonged training required before the force can be used without disaster to itself and to the nation.

Compared with most of the other great nations, our Regular Army is small, and in case of need we look to its increase from other sources than through enlargement within the regular establishment itself. Such a process is provided in the National Defense Act of 1920, which sets up the Army of the United States in three components: the Regular Army, the National Guard when properly in the service of the United States, and the Organized Reserves. The Reserve Officers Training Corps, established in many educational institutions throughout the country, is a feeder for the latter component.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology has two units of the R.O.T.C.: an Engineer and a Signal Unit. The courses, for which credits are given toward a degree, cover four years, divided equally as to time between the Basic Course and the Advanced Course. Both courses during the first Basic, or plebe, year carry instruction in the National Defense Act, Military Courtesy and Discipline, Military Hygiene and First Aid,

and Map Reading and Sketching. Drill is common to all courses and is given in all years. Years succeeding the first Basic take up subjects belonging more particularly to the separate branches, although there is some similarity in one or two subjects—such as Marksmanship, Military Law and History, and Administration.

The subjects in the Engineer branch which lead to greater specialization after the first year are Combat Principles, Military Bridges, Roads and Railways, Fortifications—permanent and field—Map Making and Reproduction, and Engineer Organization. Those subjects followed in the last three years relative to Signal Corps work are Military Telephones and Telegraph, Radio, Codes and Cipher, Signal Corps Tactics and Field Engineering, and Signal Corps Communication Engineering. In each unit the student is educated in the fundamentals of his branch. In his classes he adds to his store of knowledge and materially contributes to the shortening of the time required for the preparation of a large force. At drill he obtains a viewpoint of the need for teamwork for the successful execution of large operations; he gains a sense of responsibility and duty and develops latent powers, and is given an opportunity to fulfill his desire to become a leader. To obtain this desire is to "develop character, enrich our minds, harden our bodies, strengthen our wills, cultivate our imaginative sympathies by a study of the human hearts about us, and enlarge our influence by exercising such influence as we possess."

Each student in the Engineer Unit taking the Advanced Course spends six weeks at camp at the Engineer School at Fort Humphreys, Virginia, and the student of the Signal Unit spends a like period in camp at the Signal Corps School at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. At these camps the R.O.T.C. education at Carnegie Tech is rounded out by contact with the Regular Army organizations, and by application and observation of the principles taught in the class-

room. The student receives the benefit of outdoor life under excellent conditions as to food and shelter, and the muscular effort required in the performance of his tasks hardens him. He becomes neat in dress, clean in body, alert, and able to think for himself. He finds truly that discipline acts two ways, and realizes that if he cannot discipline himself and is not amenable to discipline, he cannot discipline others. Recognition arrives that obedience to lawful orders does not make him a serf, but fits him to lead and to command.

All of the time spent at the summer camps, however, is not given over to instruction and training. Life at camp is made pleasant by baseball, tennis, and swimming, weekly dances, and frequent trips to interesting historical points in the vicinity. The student at Fort Humphreys may visit Washington, while the Signal Corps student at Fort Monmouth has similar opportunities, with New York City not too far away for week-end trips. Attendance at such camps has, therefore, a broadening influence upon the student in that it widens his sphere of knowledge and experience with the world. At Fort Humphreys, as a part of the regular schedule for instruction, classes in equitation are provided. It is evident that the relatively small amount of instruction and exercise that it is possible to give in this subject by no means satisfy the appetite of the riders for it.

Carnegie Tech has been very successful during the past few years in its marksmanship competitions with units in other colleges, which are fired during the school year at Pittsburgh. Among numerous contests which have been won by our rifle team are the Third Corps Area Intercollegiate and the Society of American Military Engineers, in each of which the trophy has been won during the last two years.

It is especially important for national defense to have officers who have had previous training, since their responsibilities as leaders for the correct employment, welfare, and safety of their



PLATOON OF R.O.T.C. CADETS AT TECH

men is very great. The possession of such officers with training and knowledge at the start, without the delay imposed for training them concurrently with the whole force as in the World War—the training of an officer consumes a longer period than is required for training enlisted men—makes available at an earlier time the use of any defensive force. The saving in time and money is self-evident.

But it takes years to make an efficient officer. His education and training is continuous. Hence, at Carnegie Tech we do not expect to make soldiers of the students outright, but to provide the material from which they can be made more quickly. Nor are the technical details all that are taught in the Military Department. The student is taught discipline, teamwork, responsibility, integrity, truthfulness, a sense of duty, and loyalty, which are fundamentals in making character and in developing a high type of citizenship. The value of military training in character-building has been demonstrated over a long period. But in addition to all this the R.O.T.C. student improves his physical condition and bearing. There is evidence of this before he goes to camp: as a result of drill a student who enters the course generally with stooping posture, with an awkward gait, walking with eyes on the ground, and, of course, quite uncertain in his new environment how to handle himself shows rapid improvement in the comparatively short

period of one semester, and from then on his progress continues in self-control, alertness, lack of self-consciousness, and general fitness.

This is materially due to self-discipline. Discipline is a mental state and is a person's attitude toward his work and the group in which he is placed. A well-disciplined man realizes the relations involved and willingly submits his individuality to the rules governing the game. He knows that his success and that of the group—the State, if you please—are interdependent. Discipline, in the military sense, is the immediate and willing obedience to orders required to coordinate control and effort in a group, so that teamwork and unity of action shall result.

I think that instruction in military training in the R.O.T.C. as given at Carnegie Tech does not detract from the student's general attitude toward life. He is not made war-conscious by his study of the military subjects taught, as his civil contacts, which are in the greatest proportion at this stage, tend to counterbalance such consciousness. The Military Department complements the general scheme of education and dovetails into it, to the extent that the R.O.T.C. student is especially benefited. To sum up, he gains in the power of leadership and leaves college for civil life with a broadened estimate of citizenship, a better sense of balance, and a greater capacity for judging and choosing his future path.

# VIRGIL IN PITTSBURGH

BY EVAN T. SAGE

*Head of the Latin Department of the University of Pittsburgh*



FOR twenty centuries Virgil has been the best known of all the writers of antiquity, and now the two-thousandth anniversary of his birth has furnished all the nations of the western world

with an occasion for a celebration in which all may participate with equal right. For a thousand years of the Middle Ages Virgil was almost the only ancient writer whose works were seriously studied. The Middle Ages had many strange ideas about him: they converted him into a magician, a philosopher, a teacher, a prophet of Christianity—and in all these activities they conceded him the foremost place. Much of what they thought and taught about him was false, as we know today, but at least they studied him in their schools, they read and imitated him. Dante was the first, after all the centuries, to see him in something of his true character as a poet, and to restore him to something like his proper place in men's minds. The Renaissance, with its better methods and wider knowledge, still continued to read and study him, and we have inherited him from it. No one can estimate the influence he has had in forming the tastes and literary ideals of the boys and girls of successive generations, and when we consider his lofty standards of literary excellence and the painstaking care with which he wrote, we can realize the more easily that this influence has been good.

Virgil's apprenticeship as a poet was

long and severe. His criticism of his own work was relentless, and he had friends who were satisfied with nothing less than perfection. With the publication of his pastoral poems, the "Eclogues," his fame as a poet was secure. He won the approval of Augustus and his minister Maecenas, and thereafter he devoted himself in the main to celebrating the glories of Italy, of Rome, and of Augustus. The greatness of Rome had been due in no small degree to her agricultural population, and while the Italians generally had renounced the active agricultural life, Augustus was eager to persuade his countrymen to return to the farm, with its simpler standards of living and its plain and homely virtues. In such a movement as this Virgil was ready to cooperate to the fullest; he had himself been raised on a farm and he knew and loved the life and work of the farm. In his "Georgics" he devoted himself to the exposition of the scientific practice of agriculture with such success that he is still quoted as an authority. But his poem is more than a textbook: it is a great poem, and its finest passages are those in which he glorifies Italy. No man has ever paid higher tribute to his native land than Virgil pays to Italy.

When he had published the "Georgics," he turned to a project that had long attracted him—an epic poem which should add further glory to Rome and to Augustus. In the Trojan Aeneas, greatest of the princes who survived the fall of Troy, Virgil found a suitable hero. Traditions long accepted made him the founder of the mother city from which Rome came, and likewise the ancestor of the family from which Augustus, after his adoption by Julius Caesar, claimed descent. Aeneas was connected with the mythical past of



Troy; the blood of kings and gods—of Venus and of Jupiter himself—was in his veins; his descendants were to be kings in their turn. Augustus was thus invested with a kind of divine right to rule the city his ancestors had founded and made great.

But Virgil had a somewhat different conception of Rome's destiny and mission from that held by most Romans. "Let them hate, provided that they fear" is the sentiment an older Roman poet had put into the mouth of a Roman general. Virgil's idea was different, and in it lies much of his importance to the world of today. Rome, to Virgil, was the great civilizing agency. Without dreaming of what we have come to call the "white man's burden," he still conceived it to be Rome's function to spread throughout the world the blessings of her civilization. And what were they, as Virgil saw them? Rome meant to Virgil universal peace, universal brotherhood, the reign of a universal law that aimed at securing and guaranteeing justice to all men—rich and poor, strong and weak, Roman and alien. We must admit, I think, that if any nation was ever able to realize such a condition, Rome was that nation. With such a mission, said Virgil, Rome could cheerfully grant to Greece supremacy in the arts, literature, and science. She could still find the justification for her existence in making the whole world one under her banner. We all know how well Rome succeeded in accomplishing this, how she united the whole western world in a single empire, how she created an identity of thought and feeling that converted Spaniards and Gauls and Africans into Romans better than those of Rome herself. Of this empire Virgil is both the prophet and the mouthpiece.

We owe to Rome so much of our modern civilization—so much of our language, our literature, our law, our architecture, our political philosophy—that it is right and natural that we, with the rest of the western world that came from Rome, should join in ac-

claiming her greatest spokesman. Even Turkey, long outside the circle of western nations, has now decided to become western, and has begun by translating Virgil into the vernacular. Virgil, says the Turkish leader, is the backbone of western culture.

The celebration of the two-thousandth anniversary of Virgil's birth is international in scope. The original suggestion came from Italy, and it has been gladly taken up in Europe and America. Italy combined, last spring, the beginning of their celebration with the ceremonies that attend the birthday of Rome, April 21, and the Fascist "festa di lavoro." The celebration will continue until it reaches its climax on the actual birthday, October 15. During the summer hundreds of Americans visited sites in Italy and Greece that are associated with Virgil and with Aeneas.

The leadership in this district has been assumed by The Classical Association of Pittsburgh and Vicinity, an organization of teachers and students of Latin and Greek. The response of Pittsburgh and neighboring towns has been most enthusiastic, and the committee in charge, appointed in 1928, has been mainly an office of record. No part of the world has done more to pay tribute to the memory of the Roman poet, and every Pittsburgher may feel proud of what has been accomplished. The schools and colleges, women's clubs, fraternal and ministerial organizations, have welcomed the opportunity to take part. Certain projects have not yet been brought to completion, but in others Pittsburgh has led the way. Through the University's radio studio of KDKA, I had the opportunity, beginning on the poet's birthday in 1929, to deliver a series of talks entitled "Two Thousand Years of Virgil," the most extensive employment of the radio for the celebration thus far reported. Dozens of high-school pupils have participated in programs in honor of Virgil. Hundreds of persons, many without previous acquaintance with him, have

heard and read of his life and works. The University of Pittsburgh has published a collection of papers written by graduate students and members of the faculty. The most important part of the celebration is still to come, for on the two-thousandth anniversary of the poet's birth, October 15, 1930, the Association will invite Pittsburgh as a whole to join with it in doing honor to the greatest poet of our mother country, Rome.

But there is perhaps a larger significance to the celebration. It is a matter of pride to Pittsburghers that we have recognized so clearly our debt to Virgil, but we are merely doing what all the western world is doing. Virgil dreamed of and planned for universal peace and universal brotherhood. Perhaps this participation of various nations and various peoples in a common enterprise may help to bring nearer that Golden Age which had so large a part in the thoughts and feelings of the poet. Mankind at peace was his vision. He saw Rome bring to realization a condition in which men were actuated by understanding and goodwill toward one another, rendering justice voluntarily and not under compulsion. Virgil was a great poet, and for that reason he deserves to be remembered. We join in the celebration partly on that account, but still more because he was the prophet of the new era which all men hope will one day arrive.

## THE EXHIBITION OF MEXICAN ART

THE Exhibition of Mexican Art, which was assembled by Homer Saint-Gaudens, director of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute, during a visit to Mexico last November, will be shown in eight American cities during 1930 and 1931. It was inaugurated in Mexico City under the auspices of the Mexican Government, where it was opened on June 15 in the building of the

Department of Public Education. From there it will travel to the Metropolitan in New York City, with the first viewing in October. It will then be seen in Boston at the Museum of Fine Arts, in Pittsburgh at the Carnegie Institute, in Cleveland at the Museum of Art, in Washington at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Milwaukee at the Art Institute, in Louisville at the J. B. Speed Memorial Museum, and in San Antonio at the Pan-American Round Table.

This Exhibition, which will include both fine and applied Mexican art, was initiated by Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow, financed by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, and will be sponsored in the United States by the American Federation of Arts. Its purpose is to acquaint the people of the United States with modern Mexican art, so rich in its cultural value, and to promote a better understanding between these sister countries.

## PEACE AND WAR

MR. COOLIDGE, just before he laid down the burden and responsibility of his great office, used these words in speaking to the American Legion at Omaha which may well be taken as the guide and stimulus of the American people in approaching their task of government:

We have been attempting to relieve ourselves and the other nations from the old theory of competitive armaments. In spite of all the arguments in favor of great military forces, no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace or to insure its victory in time of war. No nation ever will. Peace and security are more likely to result from fair and honorable dealings, and mutual agreements for a limitation of armaments among nations, than by any attempt at competition in squadrons and battalions. . . . I can see no merit in any unnecessary expenditure of money to hire men to build fleets and carry muskets when international relations and agreements permit the turning of such resources into the making of good roads, the building of better homes, the promotion of education, and all the other arts of peace which minister to the advancement of human welfare.



## RHYTHM IN THE JUNGLE

By LAURA CRAYTOR BOULTON

[Mrs. Boulton is the wife of Rudyerd Boulton, assistant curator of Ornithology at the Carnegie Museum, and together they make a remarkably interesting scientific team—always seeking new species and new wilds to conquer. Scarcely had they had time to catch an American breath after more than a year in Central Africa with the Straus Expedition when they were asked to head the Pulitzer Expedition to track down the giant sable antelope found only in 200 square miles in the interior of that Portuguese dependency of Angola, with which Mr. Boulton is one of the few white men to be familiar. This article was written here under the stress of preparations for this trip, and they are once again off for the jungle. Mrs. Boulton, along with shooting, collecting, and doing such hazardous feats as climbing Mt. Rungwe—the first woman to attain its summit—found time to make a study of native music and customs. A musician herself she had a ready appreciation of these primitive talents, and brought back many musical instruments, folk tales, and phonographic recordings of Bantu melodies.]



WHEN the opportunity came to us last year to accompany the Straus Expedition to Africa, it meant the realization of our dream to traverse the length of the African continent from Cairo to Capetown. A collection of zoological specimens was the primary objective of the expedition, but with great enthusiasm I planned to study native customs—particularly primitive music. Armed with quantities of manuscript paper, pitch pipes of all shapes and sizes, and a machine for

recording the songs of Africa, I started out on this great adventure. As it actually happened, I spent most of my time shooting and preparing birds, injecting snakes and frogs with formalin, and bottling wondrous butterflies. I did, however, have opportunity to make a fascinating collection of musical instruments, of native tunes, and of African folk tales.

The one thing—above anything else—that impresses me, even in ret-

spect, is the fact that the rhythmic impulse governs the life of the African native. In all his activities and tribal ceremonies the expression of rhythm is essentially physical, but it reveals his temperament and the deepest emotion of his soul.

It is impossible to say whether or no the sages of long ago recognized the beneficial influence of rhythm as did the Greeks and consciously introduced it into their work by singing and into their play by the drum and other musical instruments. Rather is it to be supposed that primitive rhythm is an unconscious means of correlating emotions and muscular effort. Rhythm arouses the individual to activity and makes possible an interested and continued effort, which would otherwise



LUXURIANT SPUNGABERA FOREST IN MOÇAMBIQUE



YOUNG DRUMMERS ON THE BUA RIVER—NYASALAND

be impossible. The amount of work accomplished is increased greatly, because then work becomes play. The white man employing native help always looks for the singing boy, for the louder and longer he sings the sooner the task will be completed. He paddles the boat, or hoes the corn, or sharpens his spear to the rhythm of his song. Rhythm alone made possible certain long, monotonous tasks required of our boys in Central Africa.

An experience which illustrates this fact rather well was a voyage of several days' duration on Lake Nyasa. After five days in Karonga, where we made a splendid collection of birds, amphibians, reptiles, and insects, we chartered a tiny barge—about thirty feet in length—for our journey to Florence Bay. In this small craft we loaded a ton and a half of equipment and specimens, a crew of ten boys, our own staff of five boys, and ourselves. The boys of the crew—five in a shift, with one as pilot—poled us along the shores of the beautiful Lake Nyasa, using bamboo poles about twenty feet long.

Our personal boys we had brought from Blantyre, and they were alto-

gether unaccustomed to any great body of water. They had felt more or less secure on the "Gwendolyn," the small government mail steamer which had brought us up the lake, but in this tiny barge they were much nearer the water. They begged to be permitted to walk, complaining that "the road was very bad." Our Puzi, the tiny grass monkey which had been brought to our camp by a native in Southern Tanganyika, heartily agreed with them. He was desperately seasick for this entire voyage and for three days after reaching land. Then, if ever, he longed for his native rain forest on old Mt. Rungwe. The wind at this season was very strong against us, and consequently there was such a high sea that travel during the day was impossible. At three o'clock in the afternoon our journey began. We had the glorious sunset hour on the water, and the joys of those hours will never be forgotten. The sun, which had beaten upon us mercilessly through the day, slowly sank behind the jagged peaks which pierced the Vipya Plateau, and



KONDE NATIVE RECORDING DANCE SONG—TANGANYIKA

then in quick succession delicate shades of rose, orange, yellow, green, and purple suffused the clouds which rested upon the tops of the mountain. Large flocks of cormorants flew overhead to their roosting places in the reeds which fringed the shore. Approaching the barge, the flock divided—half passing to the right and half to the left—then once again it reunited behind us to continue the flight. At eight o'clock we drew in to shore, built a campfire, and had dinner. Then we resumed our voyage, and our boys poled along, singing gaily the while. I have never seen such poetic motion as the swing of their bodies while they wielded the light bamboo poles in unison, always to the rhythm of a song, which was wafted across the shores and re-echoed from the hills beyond. As it was impossible for them to work without singing at top voice or at least shouting a chant, we got no sleep at all. Our camp bed had been placed in the center of the barge, and we made a brave attempt to sleep. The songs and chants of the black boys,



KIKUYU YOUTHS IN INITIATION DANCE—KENYA COLONY

though exhilarating to their spirits, could hardly be considered soothing lullabies. Then, too, with each thrust of the poles the barge rolled to one side and a great splash of sea came pouring into our faces. At six in the morning the wind arose with the sun. The sunrise on the water was nearly as beautiful as the sunset but never so colorful.

Then we went ashore to collect, and under the shelter of a spreading palm or thorny acacia tree we prepared our specimens. It was exceedingly hot on the marshy shores, but life was endurable because of the constant breeze. Whenever we made a landing, we found ourselves immediately surrounded by scores of natives curious about us—our errand, our equipment, our pet monkey, about everything, in fact. All day they worked for us, bringing specimens of all sorts—fish, flesh, and fowl. Always the natives came in a long procession, bearing gifts of milk, eggs, chickens, fruit, and mealy flour; and in return we gave them a handful of salt, which from their point of view was infinitely preferable to anything else.

On these occasions we saw native village life very



A DUET IN ANGONILAND



BOARDING A DUGOUT FOR LAKE AND RIVER TRAVEL

closely. We watched while the babies were bathed, the children fed, and the cows milked. This last was a strange and marvelous procedure. When a native wished a bit of milk, he approached a likely looking animal, threw it to the ground, tied its feet firmly, and proceeded to milk it while it was in this undignified position. It is small wonder that the cow gave barely a cupful of milk! African cows are very inferior beasts in every way compared with our fine thoroughbreds, of course; though they are rather impressive, because of their long horns, somewhat similar to the Texas longhorn. They receive little care, wandering about at will, herded by a small boy, who amuses himself from time to time by riding a cow and prodding her to greater activity. At night he drives them all home to the cattle kraal, a small unroofed inclosure, intended to protect them from wild beasts—a protection which, I might add, frequently proves inadequate.

As our little craft carried us nearer to our destination, we looked forward eagerly to the surprises which invariably awaited us at each new camping spot. One morning very bright and early as we were disembarking and preparing for the day's activities, a figure clad in gaily striped pajamas approached. Upon arriving at our "sitting" tree, he was covered with con-

fusion and full of apologies at finding a woman in camp. He was an old Englishman, a former commander of the "Gwen," who had bought a bit of land on this isolated spot, and was living here the delightful life of a hermit who loves the beauties of nature. His boys had rushed to tell him of the arrival of two "bwanas," for as I always wore breeches or slacks, I was constantly taken for a

man. In haste he had come to invite us to breakfast at his house, which was only a few hundred yards from our camp. Three great sources of pride and joy to him were his houseful of kittens, the yacht which he had just finished building and launching, and a half dozen of the most enormous teacups I have ever seen—willow pattern—obtained from the London Army and Navy Store in response to a request for "the biggest cups you can find." One could scarcely call them cups—rather were they huge bowls with handles. We not only breakfasted but also lunched with our amiable host, and then at three in the afternoon, when the sea was sufficiently calmed, we set off again with some beautiful specimens of birds, as well as kind memories of a delightful day spent in jolly company.

Of all the equipment on our barge perhaps the most unique was a great piece of blue and white calico. In the afternoon, when the sun was always extremely hot, stretched across upright poles it served as a sunshade. During the night, as members of the crew took turns sleeping, it was not scorned as a blanket, even though a very thin one. Sometimes it was necessary to sail from one point to another, due to the rocky shore and the great depth of water, and then the calico was rigged up as a sail. A very precarious sailboat it was, too, and no one expected to see land again.

At length we arrived at Florence Bay and paid off the crew, giving each boy a "prizi," according to Central African custom. This voyage had been a trying one and not without its dangers. It was only by losing themselves in the rhythm of their songs and chants that the crew endured the strenuous labor of poling the barge along against the heavy winds. Their choruses and the beauty of the rhythmical movements transformed for us what might have been a tedious and exhausting experience into an interesting study, and many fascinating boat songs became a part of my collection.

The world at this time was very beautiful. The rains had ceased in April, but everything was still brilliantly green. The mimosa trees—red, yellow, and lavender—were all in bloom and giving out their fragrance. They were surrounded with clouds of butterflies, bees, and jewel-like sunbirds. A gorgeous weaver bird in his velvety coat of scarlet and black was everywhere abundant. The grass was very tall and very pink, and in the red-orange morning light the world seemed almost like a fairyland. The banana trees were beautifully graceful and colorful with their broad, drooping leaves, wine-colored flowers, and bunches of green and yellow fruit. The tightly rolled new leaves were very decorative, too. The banana, I should say, is the most useful commodity of the African natives in the north Nyasa region. It is first of all the chief article of diet, and the variety of uses to which it is put is truly amazing. Of the leaves he makes skirts and umbrellas; he also uses them as wrapping paper or covers for the bamboo milk-containers; they are utilized as seats, beds, and pads of various sorts; and wilted over the fire they make convenient drinking cups. The trunk of the tree serves as a

resonator for the musical instrument which resembles in principle our xylophone.

As we were new arrivals in the country and had not at that time learned the native language, we had to depend upon interpreters. The language sounded very strange, and I was at a loss to determine whether all who spoke to me or in my presence stuttered or whether it only sounded so because their mouths were invariably full of sugar cane. Later, I discovered that the language just naturally sounds that way. Strangely enough, however, it lends itself well to music, and even in itself is extremely musical in quality.

Often it was necessary to travel on foot for hundreds of miles. On one occasion, when we were shooting game on the Bua River, we walked about two hundred miles in nine days, shooting and preparing specimens at the same time. As it was just before the rainy season, the world was parched and the heat was intense. But the songs of the porters kept all of us cheered through the long, hot marches. Our feet kept time to the rhythm. Their marching songs have a marvelous swing, and are very joyful even when they happen to be in a minor key. There are many songs which are reserved only for the safari; as there are songs for war, for marriages, for the dance, and for lulling



SINGING PORTERS ON ASCENT TO MT. RUNGWE

the baby to sleep. Certain tunes, because of their rhythm, are for the march, but the words are often extempore. The soloist creates the theme, and the chorus repeats his words.

Antiphonal singing, in which a chorus answers the soloist, is apparently common throughout Africa. It is so frequently found that it must be considered basic. Vocal music is well organized in spite of the fact that there is, of course, no musical notation. Because of the absence of a notation, there is great variation of detail in the performance. Though songs are often sung in unison, three-part songs seem most popular. Perhaps it is also because of the lack of a musical notation that the black man has acquired the ability to harmonize extemporaneously his simple, delightful melodies.

Rhythm, naturally, is the most essential element of African music, both vocal and instrumental. In instrumental music it is strongly marked, and even more so in vocal music. The dance is extremely popular because it gives opportunity for many ways of expressing rhythm—by singing, by beating the drums, by clapping of hands and stamping of feet, by swaying the entire body, or even, as in certain dances, by the contracting and expanding of the individual muscles of the body, chiefly of the abdominal region.

It was extremely interesting to me to hear syncopation in its original home. African music, as I have already indicated, is divided first of all into two branches: vocal and instrumental. In both it is extremely common practice to employ one rhythm against another. The drums are usually in groups of three or five, but always each drum has an individual rhythm as well as an individual tone quite distinct from the others. Frequently one boy plays two drums—a different rhythm with each hand.

Among the instruments which I brought back to the Museum is one which has humorously been described as "a good old woodpile xylophone made of young railroad ties." The keys

are made of a very light wood, cut into pieces about two inches in diameter and varying in length from one and a half to three feet. These keys—five, seven, or nine in number—are placed on freshly cut trunks of banana trees, which are particularly resonant. Each key is accurately tuned by chipping tiny flakes of wood, and is held in place by small pegs which are driven into the banana-trunk supports. Two boys seat themselves on either side of this huge, unwieldy instrument and play it by striking the keys with small sticks of light wood. Always they play in different rhythms, and the result is weird, strangely sweet music, which can be heard for long distances.

The gubu is one of the most interesting of all native instruments, but unfortunately it may never be demonstrated in polite society. A gourd is attached to the center of a very long, strong bow. This gourd is pressed with varying force against the exposed chest or abdomen of the player. This was originally a Zulu instrument, and we found it played only by the very old men of the Angoni tribe in northern Nyasaland. About a hundred years ago in the reign of Tchaka, king of the Zulus, a general of one of his impis, or regiments, was defeated in battle. Rather than return to the king and certain death, which always awaited a defeated general, he decided to flee to the north and establish a new nation. He crossed the Zambesi and founded in northern Nyasaland the Angoni nation, which was very renowned, especially under King Mombera. The old men have remembered the ancient customs and have continued to play the early instruments and sing the old Zulu songs, but the young men have taken on the customs, songs, and tales of their neighbors.

As these old Angoni warriors began to sing the ancient songs and tell the old tales, their voices were weak and far away. But with the singing and the telling, new life seemed to come into their eyes and new strength flowed through their veins, and in the end they



were rejuvenated and had filled their listeners with an overpowering emotion.

The folk tales of Central Africa were interesting in themselves, but doubly so because of their similarity to our Uncle Remus stories. The "kilulu" or rabbit is invariably the cunning fellow who outwits all the other animals. These tales solve all the riddles of the universe. They tell us how the leopard got his spots, why the tortoise pulls in his head when it rains, how the rabbit lost his tail, and even how to rid oneself of superfluous mothers-in-law. It is significant to note that mothers-in-law feature quite as often in African literature as in our own!

The charm of the folk tales of these people depends often upon the musical element which is introduced. When the entire population gathers around the fire in the evening, the old men of the village tell these tales. One old man is the chief raconteur, and he proceeds with great ceremony. He squats before the fire with his blanket of skins around his shoulders; his shins, which have acquired a glazed, crackled appearance from years of close proximity to the flame, gleam in the firelight. Reaching out, he draws from the embers a glowing coal which he places on the bowl of his long, carved pipe. When the pipe is going well, he begins the tale, punctuated by great puffs of smoke. A popular story which illustrates the part music plays in folk tales is that of the toad who was sitting one day on the bank of the river playing his "mbira" or little piano and singing a song to the trees and the sky. A frog jumped out of the water—so the story goes—and asked to be permitted to play the little piano. After he had finished, instead of returning the instrument to its rightful owner, he swam across the river with it.

"It is not for you, you ugly fellow with warts, to play such a beautiful instrument," he called across to the toad. "It is only for me with my smooth, shiny skin to play it." And

then to his admiring wives he sang this song:

Mbira dza ene dzi no tamboga,  
(The instrument is beautiful to play on,)  
Ndidzo dza rure.  
(It is very good.)  
Dzi no riedzwa nga va ne papundu,  
(It was played on by the one with warts,)  
Ndidzo dza rure.  
(It is very good.)  
Ku siye su saru sakadya,  
(But we are given smooth bodies,)  
Ndidzo dza rure.  
(It is very good.)  
Heha he heha, Dzauya, woye!  
(It is ours, Dzauya, come!)  
Heha he heha, Muneta, woye!  
(It is ours, Muneta, come!)  
Heha he heha, Dzakatsa, woye!  
(It is ours, Dzakatsa, come!)  
Heha he heha, Maibase, woye!  
(It is ours, Maibase, come!)  
Heha he heha, Hwaguma, woye!  
(It is ours, Hwaguma, come!)

## THE NEW YORKER MYSTIFIED

IN the New Yorker's Talk of the Town columns, under the heading of "Art for Architects," the Donnellys—a unique New York firm who do designing and executing in stone—came up for discussion recently. The note ends with this interesting bit of news:

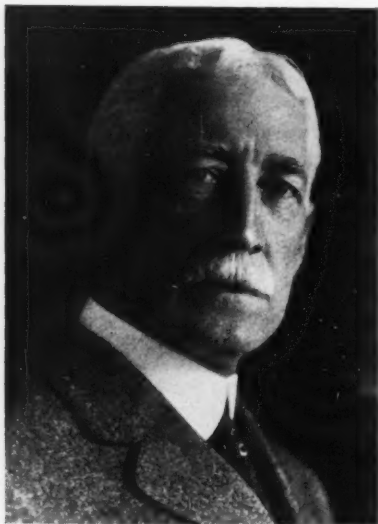
The Donnelly studio is barnlike and cluttery—half-finished Mercurys, saints, models. One model, quarter-size, is of the group surrounding the Grand Central clock. Until recently a model of the Woolworth Building, seventeen feet tall, took up a lot of room. It had been ordered by a Berlin museum just before the War. It was interned until lately, when France claimed it under some clause in the Versailles Treaty. The Donnellys were glad it went, as it made space for another model upon which they are working, one ordered by Benno Janssen, the Pittsburgh architect. It's something like a Grecian temple with a sort of peristyle arrangement all around, containing hundreds of columns. Very painstaking work, and nobody here knows what it is for. Mr. Janssen, when he sent in the specifications, didn't say.

But Pittsburghers would be quick to know. It was the model of the new building of the Mellon Institute, which has now reached Pittsburgh, and the construction of the building will soon begin.

## THE BUHL VISION

*Education—To the End of Life*

A FACULTY within the Carnegie Library is soon to be formed with the financial aid of the Buhl Foundation, granted by A. E. Braun, Robert S. Frazer, A. W. Robertson, and W. S. Linderman, which has appropriated



HENRY BUHL JR.

\$21,000 for a three-year experiment in adult education.

Heading the faculty there will be an experienced college professor, who will meet all adults who wish to pursue any course of purposeful reading, and will plan courses suited to their individual needs.

Grouped about this experienced educator will be the experts on the Library's own staff. They will plan the reading courses in subjects which fall within their special fields, such as science, technology, and the fine arts.

Pittsburgh will be the first city in the United States to add a college professor to its library staff as a reader's adviser. It is planned to make this new service available not later than February, 1931.

## FLOWER PAINTING

AWARDS of prizes for paintings of flowers are sometimes questioned by some of the visitors to the Carnegie Institute. In fact, nearly all awards given to pictures are challenged, and most often with intelligent understanding of the matter. But the jury of painters has an eye for particular qualities which do not always exist in the picture favored by the multitude, and a comment in the April number of "The Arts," by Lloyd Goodrich, throws light on this subject. Here it is:

"Flower painting calls for an unusual combination of qualities. It demands faithfulness to the subject, and at the same time freedom from matter-of-fact literalness, for if a flower piece is not in some sense a poem, it lacks its chief *raison d'être*. But on the other hand, it should never degenerate into a mere pretty piece of decoration, any more than into a cold exhibition of technical virtuosity. The ideal combination would seem to be a humbleness of mind that respects the varied beauties of nature, an imagination that can express them in the forms of art, and above all an unspoiled freshness of spirit, for the painting of flowers has always been the special province of those artists who love life."

Mr. Goodrich's comment is of particular interest in Pittsburgh because of the very generous prize that is given annually by the Garden Club of Allegheny County for the best flower painting shown in the International Exhibition. There is sometimes a lively but always friendly difference of opinion between the jury and the public.

## THE GOAL OF RICHES

It is not the aim of thrift, nor the duty of men to acquire millions. It is in no respect a virtue to set this before us as an end. Duty to save ends when just money enough has been put aside to provide comfortably for those dependent upon us. Hoarding millions is avarice, not thrift.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE



## THE GARDEN OF GOLD

PENELOPE, her curiosity whetted by the recent story of Sagittarius, became so interested in the peopling of the heavens that she could talk about little else for a time.

"It's wonderful, Jason, to know about all these classic earth folk who live in the sky. I don't think that I will ever feel alone again in the dark of night—so long as the stars are out. But tell me, were there never any women of mythology who attained such cloud-fringed heights?"

"Eternal feminist that you are, Penelope," laughed Jason, "you would demand equal representation for your sex—even in the realms of ether."

"Would they not honor and ornament the most brilliant constellation?" she retorted.

"Well, as usual, you will have your way, but know, dear Penelope, there are feminine stars as well as masculine ones. Take for example the unlucky Callisto, who was far less anxious to become a star-dweller than you are to have her."

"Oh, I can think of nothing more heavenly than to take up a station in the sky and look down upon all the lesser lights," commented Pe-

nelope. "But why do you pity her?"

"Do you not know that anyone is to be pitied who ever incurs the curse of jealous Juno—as you shall soon see when I tell you of her fate," answered Jason from the fullness of his mythological lore.

"I will have the story at once," said Penelope, dropping her trowel and sprinkling can and preparing to drink in the tale of the sad Callisto.

"Callisto was a pretty young thing—a huntress by calling—who caught the passing fancy of Jupiter—mighty but susceptible husband of Juno. Juno, perceiving the situation, was convinced that Callisto's beauty was the cause of it all, and so she took immediate steps to humble her by transforming her into a great unlovely black bear, as she had before changed the fragile Io into a heifer for the same offense. The poor maiden was powerless to make known her identity and so she wandered through the woods for years—once the huntress, now the hunted—terrorized by her wild companions and the forbidding forests. One day a youth, armed with his hunting spear, came upon her. Instantly Callisto recognized him as her own son Arcas, now grown



to manhood. Forgetting her bear's coat, she ran to embrace him, only to have the lad raise his spear to transfix her."

"To kill one's own mother! Was there no one to prevent it?" cried Penelope, tearfully.

"Yes, Jupiter intervened in a measure. He did not have the power to give her back her beloved human form but he did arrest the hand of Arcas and placed the two of them in the sky, where they can be seen to this day as the Great Bear and the Little Bear—side by side—forming the most conspicuous of the northern constellations."

There are some truly wonderful gifts to report this month. The June Magazine had the sad task of recording the death of two of our trustees—James D. Hailman and Josiah Cohen. Then, when Mr. Hailman's will was read, it was found that he had made bequests to



JAMES D. HAILMAN

the Carnegie Institute, which with certain reservations as to their use during the lifetime of two members of his family, would in time aggregate \$100,000. Mr. Hailman expressed a wish that his gift should be added to the endowment funds of the Carnegie Institute and its income given to the Department of Fine Arts. Mr. Hailman had for many years devoted much time to the work of the Carnegie Institute, no doubt deriving a large part of his inspiration from the artistic genius of his wife Johanna K. W. Hailman, whose productions with her brush have raised her name into the very front rank of American painters.

Then, when the death of Judge Cohen occurred, that most excellent memorial expedient, which was put into practice through the example of Mrs. James R.



JOSIAH COHEN

Macfarlane, was employed, and the judges of the Orphans and Common Pleas Courts made contributions amounting to \$75, which will be used to purchase books on Jewish literature and history, in each one of which a special marker will be placed, dedicating them to Judge Cohen's memory. To this sum the Pittsburgh Legal Journal has added \$10 as its tribute.

Then, a gift of \$414.83 has been received from James H. Sansonetti, president, and James S. Geyser, treasurer, of the Night Student Council of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$224 of which represents the amount secured by a campaign held by the night students to turn their locker-key refunds over to the Carnegie Tech Endowment Fund, and the remainder voted by the Council out of their treasury. In 1946 this gift will have a settlement value of \$2,436.88. Devotion like this from Tech students is worthy of emulation on the part of the community.



JAMES H. SANSONETTI

## FOUNDER'S DAY

The annual celebration of Founder's Day will occur on Thursday, October 16, and the trustees are preparing an interesting program for that occasion.

We make the mistake in thinking that the college degree and culture are identical.

—JOHN ERSKINE

## MODERN ART, 1930

BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

*Founder and Director of the Phillips Memorial Gallery*

[This statement is condensed from the columns of "Art and Understanding." Mr. Phillips is well known as a collector and critic, and he speaks with authority on this lively question of the standards of art as they are affected by the trend of modern ideas. When he characterizes Rembrandt and Raphael as modernists in their own time, he gives us a new basis for understanding the evolution in painting that has been in progress during the past thirty years. The argument of the spectators, when sometimes it becomes a trifle heated, can always be quieted by the philosophic view that what is good will survive and what is bad will perish. Meanwhile, all serious examples in the field of art have the right to be shown to the public and judged as to their permanent value. Any institution that would neglect or refuse to exhibit pictures because they are painted in the modern manner would soon die.]

CONTEMPORARY art is keeping up with contemporary science in arousing and holding public attention no less than in making brilliant advances into hitherto unexplored regions of the mind. It is so intensely and so exuberantly alive that it quickens the pulse and adds zest to the practice and the criticism of art during this formative period. A literature of interpretation has grown up around the new esthetic ideas and the new plastic creations. Art in its present state of growth and change is a topic for everyone's more or less excited consideration and opinion. . . .

The fact is undeniable that the average visitor to a public view of so-called modern pictures in New York today is no stranger to the latest of esthetic idioms. It can no longer be said that America does not see the best of the European modernism nor can it be claimed that we are spared the excessive demonstrations of Old World radicalism. Consequently, the American public has become more or less habituated to the new language of design. Department-store displays, magazine covers, and advertising posters have been instrumental in changing our point of view. It appears that the American patron of art will soon require what he calls the "modern note" and will actually feel compelled to disapprove of whatever does not conform to it. It is no longer necessary to teach the layman that art is not the craft of accurate imitation of nature. He knows

that nature is the source and the storehouse for the artist's creations, but that a painter's powers of invention are poor indeed if he leaves the world on his canvas exactly as the mirror would reflect it. There is more need already for reminding our gallery visitors and even our connoisseurs that the acceptance of what is new in art today does not require the rejection of what was new only yesterday.

This period in art has a sentiment for itself very like the sentiment which youth has always cherished for its own youthfulness and with the same sarcastic scorn for the tastes and opinions of its elders. "Modernity is the battle cry of our generation." I quote this sentence from one of the many books on one of the many experimental decorators of the School of Paris. It would almost seem as if there had never been so self-conscious and self-satisfied a period as ours. Yet every age no doubt preens itself and attitudinizes, if only for the sake of keeping up appearances. What I regard as special to our own conceit about ultra modern art is a certain very youthful bravado which regards with intolerance any survivals of art as it was before these new ideas came into it. This attitude no doubt is taken over from the world of science, where new concepts so often eclipse and make uncouth the conclusions of the past.

It may not be long now before the multitude, in our largest centers of culture at least, will make virtue of their

radicalism in art. Already the brave man's choice is to be true to himself even if it means to be unfashionable and neglected. Even today the self-styled modernists, contemporaneous to a fault, are not lonely at all in the choice they have made. They are in fact breathlessly followed and acclaimed. There is a precedent for their popularity. To what does our public passion for the latest mode correspond? Let us see. Those who would be known as modernists in art must account for and explain their following. Modernists of the past have never won fame and fortune. The great initiators and pioneers of art have stood alone, isolated and misunderstood except by the few who really counted and who made everything worth while. If schools were founded on their discoveries, they knew nothing of it. El Greco was considered crazy. When Rembrandt broke away from professional portrait painting, he was despised and repudiated and only recognized as a great master after his death. Chardin retired into his humble home and there he painted what pleased him regardless of the fashions set by the Court for a rococo which was quite alien to his taste. . . . On the other hand, many of the greatest painters have been powerful influences with the public of their time, have created a demand and immediately satisfied it, have set fashions and have founded schools. I need only mention Giotto, Bellini, Leonardo, Giorgione, Raphael, Watteau, Reynolds, and David. I need not bring up the less illustrious names, although I cannot resist mentioning among those who set fashions Gérôme and Sargent. And today the fashion-setting leaders are Matisse, Picasso, and Chirico. Their impetus started with Cézanne and Gauguin. Cézanne, however, was a real modernist who stood apart from, and in advance of, his time. It is Matisse and Picasso, following Gauguin, who are in step with it, as were Giotto, Giorgione, Raphael, Watteau, and the rest, supplying what the public has been made ready to demand. There are

no doubt Cézannes of the future in our midst today. They are carrying on somewhere and somehow in obscurity or perhaps one admires them for the wrong reasons as was the case with Seurat. Let us beware lest those we call old-fashioned in subject or unconvincing in experiment should turn out to be the prophets of the future—the men of destiny.

The sudden reversal of taste in our period, the violent change of mode from Sargent to Picasso within fifteen years, is startling until we remember that there has been a steady stream of propaganda and publicity, the effects of which have been watched with keen intelligence until finally our deliciously shocked surmises and our subconscious expectations have been not only anticipated but produced at precisely the moment of our desire. At last we know what it is to be modern and what is to be our style for the first half of the twentieth century. Consciousness of a new style in art is like a child's consciousness of a new toy or a woman's awareness of a new gown or a man's of a new hat. Outfitted with a new mode in art, we find it difficult not to look upon those still satisfied with other styles as curiously old-fashioned. Art as it was before Matisse and Picasso is interesting only for the museum and its relics. The desire for a stimulating change in the atmosphere of one's home and of one's mind has finally been implanted in us and made to appear as a positive human need. And it is a need, as so many habits have a way of becoming. The new interiors have cried out for a new kind of picture for the walls. A moderately stylized picture prepares the way and whets the appetite for a more radical one to keep it company. The new styles are grist for the conversational mill and this is by no means a trifling consideration. With those addicted to faddism, art is more popular now than crossword puzzles were in their day. With those of us who pride ourselves on open-mindedness, the incessant innovations in painting keep



us actively entertaining new ideas and violently exercising our adaptabilities. With the artists who yearn to be in advance of their time there must be exasperation in the fact that their time and its public insist upon keeping up with them as they so desperately try to keep up with the resourcefully inventive Picasso. Modernism has become a "fait accompli." Only a short time ago I feared that the majority was being alienated by the uncompromising abstractions and eccentric cerebrations of very prominent artists and I predicted that a highly sophisticated class of period-conscious patrons might easily monopolize and dominate progressive

artists and widen and deepen the gulf between art and the general public. I had not reckoned with the fame and fascination of the much adored heroes of the movement. Nor had I reflected on the rapidity with which new ideas spread and grow when the soil has been prepared over a wide area. If the time is approaching when conservative people actually see for themselves that the new systems and theories of design correspond with the modern mind, its researches and discoveries, then it will simply be a matter of standardizing as decoration the best plastic patterns and of accepting as phenomena of genius the best pictorial supernaturalism.

## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

*Some Notes on the Current Season in the London Theater*

BY E. MARTIN BROWNE

[It is with the utmost regret that the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE must announce that Mr. Browne, who has been so ably reviewing the productions of the Little Theater at Carnegie Tech for the Magazine for the past two years, will no longer be a regular contributor. In his brief three years at Tech, he has identified himself so brilliantly with the dramatic life of the School and the community that he has now left his artistic impress on all his stage associations. While on his holidays this past summer at his home in England, Mr. Browne was offered the post of director of Religious Drama to the Diocese of Chichester. His American friends hope that he will return to the United States some day, and they have a deep conviction that with the coming years his name will loom large in the study of the theater on both sides of the Atlantic.]



America. Maurice Browne was the founder of the first "little" theater in Chicago in 1912, and his influence on the movement that followed is common knowledge. "C. B.," among many

LONDON at the moment owes most of its interesting theatrical fare to two people—Maurice Browne and Charles B. Cochran. Both of them are English-born, but each has learned much of his job in

strange experiences in a knockabout life, numbers the valuable one of managing some of Mansfield's tours. Both men, in short, have as intimate a knowledge of one English-speaking country as of the other.

Perhaps it is this which has bred in them such an internationalism of outlook, and so provided London with one of the most illuminating theatrical experiences of recent years. The English metropolis, often condemned by critics as the dead one among theatrical centers, has provided studies in comparative drama which no student could afford to miss.

Four "Hamlets" have been seen this year. The first by Henry Ainley, king

of English-verse speakers and romantic hero of the London stage. After him came Alexander Moissi, opening an International Season sponsored by Browne and Cochran. Here was the antithesis of Ainley's warrior prince. We saw in Pittsburgh, two winters ago, Moissi in "The Living Corpse"; from this his "Hamlet" may be imagined—the oversensitive soul of the artist in a world of barbarities, the pathos of whose torture dragged at one's heart-strings. Third came the gallant adventure of a small house in Hampstead, with Gerald Lawrence as actor-manager. And last, Maurice Browne brought to the West End the production from "The Old Vic."

This playhouse across the river is the nearest thing England has to her coveted National Theater. Built up through innumerable difficulties by Lillian Baylis, a Londoner-born who believed in the good taste of her own people, the "Old Vic" has an enthusiastic native audience that fills a large theater to see Shakespeare for nine months of the year. It now commands the pick of the younger English actors, by whom a season or two of Shakespeare is rightly reckoned invaluable experience. Accordingly, the "Hamlet" presented to the West End was a fine all-round production—simple, swift, and well balanced. The name part was played by a scion of the house of Terry, John Gielgud, a boy of barely Hamlet's thirty years. He has the grace and charm that we associate with Ellen Terry—whose memorial, by the way, is in jeopardy for want of a little money with which to preserve her cottage and its contents, a priceless heritage to students and lovers of the theater. Gielgud has also that hypersensitive nervous system which is characteristic of the generation who passed through the War as children. His performance combines the values of both periods—the dignity and fineness of the old with the subtlety of the new. It is because of this that a leading critic remarked that while Ainley's interpretation stood at one end

of the line of possible Hamlets and Moissi's at the other, Gielgud's was midway between them.

The fact that a production of "Hamlet" by a repertory company can successfully challenge comparison with those of two of the greatest living actors may point some morals about the modern English attitude to Shakespeare. His own country, which has so long neglected him, is beginning to understand him once more; and this comparison of "Hamlets" has established certain results of that understanding.

First, as to text. The "Old Vic" company played a much fuller version of the play than did the two stars and, though it lasted almost an hour longer than the normal West End piece, its audiences evidently felt it was the best version. Played with the minimum of scenery and with a swift smoothness of attack, the fuller text seemed infinitely the more intelligible and gripping. Shakespeare, in other words, knew his business as a dramatist better than do the producers who prune him. Secondly, it was easy to recognize in the "Old Vic" cast, despite a higher level of individual quality among the others, an ensemble experience which outweighed all single achievements. Their speaking, movement, and tempo were of a piece and attuned to the play. The acting of Shakespeare is an art different from the modern and needing corporate experience to perfect. Do we not remember the sorrowful proof of this in the Tyler-Craig "Macbeth"? Lastly, we learned in this comparison to recognize the true character of Hamlet himself. Each of the stars cut the text and played the part to suit his own conception; neither was a complete Hamlet—neither pretended to be. Gielgud, confronted with the full text, played all of it for what he could find in it, not attempting to reconcile its contradictions; and in doing so showed us that here is the secret of Hamlet's immortality: he is not only theater but also life—full of unintelligible shifts of temper and traits that do not agree together—sometimes

grand, sometimes pathetic, anon almost repulsive—but always human. He is a masterpiece because he is our neighbor; and because he is our neighbor we love him.

Another fruit of the International Season was the French production of Shaw's "Saint Joan." The Pitoëffs, who gave it, have grown to eminence from amateur beginnings, like the Theater Guild. Always fresh in approach to a play, they stimulate criticism; and London, which vividly remembers Sybil Thorndike's "Saint Joan," was full of interest in seeing what the Saint's native land made of Shaw's vision.

In fact, the Frenchmen's performance was all of their patron Saint and very little of Shaw. Ludmilla Pitoëff's Joan was an ascetic spirit, made remote from courts and battles by her piety, yet drawing men after her by "that same strange holiness." The climax of her tragedy was her recantation, wherein she became a lost soul before our eyes, because God had abandoned her. This is the idea of Joan we are accustomed to, and it was portrayed with a moving sincerity by an actress of no common clay. London appreciated it; but in doing so learned also to value as never before the Joan of Shaw and Sybil Thorndike, the rough countrywoman of broad humor and emotional power, massive in action and practical in faith, the adventuress of God.

The last of Maurice Browne's essays in comparison was to produce "Othello" with Paul Robeson as the Moor. A thrilling experience, one would anticipate; here would be a Moor true to life as no white man could make him. Yet this finest of Negro actors failed to move us; unsurpassed as interpreter of American Negro characters, he did not bring Shakespeare's African hero at all to life. The reason is not hard to find. Shakespeare, writing from secondhand knowledge and for an audience uncritical of racial traits, has created a tragic hero having the complex instincts of Western civilization. Othello

is jealous and gullible, but he is also just: it is not he, but Justice, who is "almost persuaded" by Desdemona's beauty "to break her sword." He is but the instrument of a universal Justice, whose voice we hear, bemoaning the eternal tragedy of man's sinfulness, in his cry, "The pity of it, Iago, oh, the pity of it!" It was here that Robeson failed us, for the heights of the Negro mind are not of this kind. Its sublimity is simpler, as in "The Green Pastures," where the Lord expresses the same tragedy: "Even bein' Gawd ain't a bed of roses."

What a wealth of understanding these comparisons offer us! They cheer us by proving how infinite in its variety is the grandeur of fine drama. They give us also a sense of proportion. By them we find out the value of the special point of view brought to a great play by each new interpreter. Yet in the end we are most satisfied by the production which sticks closest to the creator's mind. The dramatist's text is the norm of interpretation.

#### THE CONSTITUTION AND LIBERTY

To the full understanding of the Constitution of the United States there is one thing that is more important than the Constitution itself, and that is the body of political philosophy and political doctrine which underlies the Constitution and which is the foundation on which the Constitution rests. Just one hundred and forty years ago the Constitution and its underlying political philosophy were being vigorously debated in the conventions that were called to meet in the several states to pass upon its ratification. The really eminent men who sat in the Constitutional Convention itself and who were found in no small number in the several state conventions had a knowledge of political philosophy and an insight into the significance and history of political institutions which excite our admiration and wonder as we read its manifold evidences. These nation-builders were of one mind in that they were concerned with government as an instrument of liberty and not with government as a substitute for liberty.

—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

The day man becomes a perfectly rational being marks his end.

—SIR ARTHUR KEITH

## THE FRANCE-AMÉRIQUE CELEBRATION

[The French people have a way of dramatizing events which other people observe with commonplace methods. The twentieth anniversary of the founding of France-Amérique, a bureau in their foreign office which has charge of the relations between France and all the nations in North, South, and Central America, was chosen by the French Government for a celebration extending through an entire week—La Semaine des Nations Américaines—and in addition to having the ambassadors and ministers of twenty-two American governments at these brilliant functions, individuals were invited from each one of the nations concerned, and Paris was put in holiday dress, while the generous hospitality of the Government of France made the enterprise a charming and delightful affair. The letter which follows, addressed to John L. Porter, a trustee of the Carnegie Institute, is printed by request.]

PARIS, July 4, 1930

MY DEAR MR. PORTER:

A busy week of celebrations between the representatives of twenty-two American nations and the highest officials of the French Government will be concluded tomorrow, and I am going to try to give you a picture of what has been going on.

On Monday morning we attended religious services in Notre Dame Cathedral, a memorial for our fallen soldiers, which touched our hearts very deeply. We were then taken to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, where General Pershing placed a wreath, acting for all of us. We have had much pleasure in meeting General Pershing on many occasions.

From there Mrs. Church and I went to the residence of Ambassador Edge, where Mr. and Mrs. Edge gave a luncheon to a small group of Americans. Mr. Edge is a fine type of the successful American business man, frank, kind, and natural in manner, and he and Mrs. Edge are making a very good impression on the French people. We have been with them every day in the varied and interesting things that have occurred this week, and greatly admire them, as do all other Americans in Paris.

On Monday evening we attended a dinner given by the President of France, Mr. Doumergue, where we met the ambassadors and ministers from all of the American countries. In talking with some of these gentlemen, I noted a certain feeling which seems to have its

rise in connection with the Monroe Doctrine, upon this principle—namely, that the South American governments are now strong enough to defend themselves against European aggression, while the European governments are for the most part too weak to attempt any settlement under their own flags; and our South American friends, instead of continuing to be held, as it were, under a United States protectorate, would be glad to have a restatement of the Monroe Doctrine, to the end that they would be equal partners in that arrangement.

This dinner was a very picturesque affair. As we entered the door, we saw in front of us a wide marble stairway, with the President's guard ranged two on each step facing each other. These men wore helmets, breastplates, red trousers, black coats, and high shining boots, and carried drawn sabres touching their shoulders. As we walked up between them they were as immovable as statues. President Doumergue shook hands with extreme cordiality and talked with us for a few moments, all the while wearing a smile that would not come off.

On Tuesday night, in much the same surroundings, we were given a dinner by former President Poincaré, who is regarded here as one of France's greatest statesmen. Madame Poincaré, besides being a very handsome woman, is extremely intellectual. Both Mr. and Mrs. Poincaré were deeply interested in the Carnegie Institute and expressed surprise when I told them of its many and varied activities, removing an impres-

sion that it was devoted exclusively to the exhibition of paintings. They were much pleased to know that some of the students from our Carnegie Institute of Technology do not count their education finished until they take the courses at the Paris Beaux Arts.

On Wednesday afternoon André Tardieu, Prime Minister, gave a reception at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. After a cordial welcome in this great state palace, we were conducted to the lawn where we were shielded from the sun by many ancient trees, refreshments in great abundance were served, and a military band played some very stirring music.

I will say, under my breath, that at all of these hospitable functions wines of every kind including champagne were served most freely, but like good antiprohibitionists we tasted them most temperately. And so did everybody else! On Thursday night, a dinner was given by Marshal Pétain, who said at Verdun, "They shall not pass!" and who is now the first soldier of France.

Today, Friday, is the Fourth of July, and everywhere, on all public buildings, the American flag is flying beside the French colors. At ten o'clock this morning we went to Picpus cemetery, where impressive ceremonies were held at the grave of Lafayette. Count de Chambrun, a direct descendant of Lafayette, made a brief speech on the undying friendship between France and America, Ambassador Edge made a suitable response, many floral pieces were placed on the tomb, and then a bugler sounded a long call on his trumpet which really seemed to bring the spirit of Lafayette out of his grave.

These have been the principal episodes of this eventful week. Many minor happenings have filled in some of the vacant hours. In all of them, and in the daily reports in the newspapers, the Carnegie Institute has had a full measure of attention and honor, and at a reception at the Maison France-Amérique only this afternoon Mr. Jusserand, the former French Ambassador to the

United States, and Gabriel Hanataux, the former Prime Minister, commented on what they called Mr. Carnegie's passionate love of international friendship and international peace, and they were kind enough to say that the Carnegie Institute is worthily promoting these ideals, and that they value most highly the cooperation which has been given by the Institute to the celebrations of this week.

It has all been very strenuous, and we are tired, but happy. Every afternoon has required its formal costume—spatted, cravatted, grey-gloved, and silk-hatted! But through it all, under the leadership of the President of France, there has been a touching and beautiful hospitality, a constant study to entertain and please, and to show by a spirit of unaffected kindness the admirable quality of the friendship of France for the American people.

We are now going to seek a quieter place where we can rest up, spend a few days in England, and then home, to take up the work there with many new inspirations which have come from this most interesting experience.

With kind regards, I am always

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH

## LECTURES

- OCTOBER 23—"The Artist and His Public," by Homer Saint-Gaudens, director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute.  
8:15 P.M. in Carnegie Music Hall.

## RADIO TALKS

[Broadcast over WCAE on Monday evenings at 7:15 under the sponsorship of the Carnegie Museum.]

- SEPTEMBER 22—"Wanderers of the Sea," by Dr. Robert T. Hance, head of the Zoology Department, University of Pittsburgh.  
SEPTEMBER 29—"Animals That Man Fights," by Dr. Hance.  
OCTOBER 6—"Animals That Work for Man," by Dr. Hance.  
OCTOBER 13—"Crustacea," by Dr. Stanley T. Brooks, custodian in Invertebrate Zoology, Carnegie Museum.

## THE INTERNATIONAL JURY OF AWARD

WITH the opening on October 16 of the Twenty-ninth International Exhibition of Paintings less than a month away, all current art interest is drawn toward the movements of the Jury of Award, which will choose the prize-winning pictures in Pittsburgh on September 23.

The American Committee of Selection, which determines what American pictures are to be admitted, met in New York City on September 11 to choose from one section and it will meet again in Pittsburgh on September 22—on the day previous to the Jury of Award's judging of the prizes—to complete its task of selection.

Of the five American members—Charles Burchfield, Emil Carlsen, Bernard Karfiol, Ross Moffett, and Horatio Walker—Messieurs Carlsen, Karfiol, and Moffett will serve on the Jury of Award with Henri Matisse, of France; Glyn Philpot, of England; and Karl Sterrer, of Austria. These six will elect those paintings to receive Carnegie honors and the Albert C. Lehman Prize and Purchase Fund—the second time that this most important award in the art world will be made.

Although M. Matisse, internationally known as one of the most famous of contemporary artists, has never visited our country before, he is no stranger to the American art public, to whom he is known as the leading French modernist. His name became doubly impressed upon Pittsburghers in 1927 when his painting, "Still Life," created a sensation in the International of that year by winning the First Prize. Oddly enough, despite the fact that his work had been given far-flung acclaim, the Carnegie award was the first official reward he had ever received.

Glyn Philpot, the English artist to serve on the Jury, was awarded First Prize at the Carnegie Institute in 1913 for his painting "The Marble Worker,"

which many Pittsburghers will recall. Born in London in 1884, he was educated at the Lambeth School of Art under Philip Conrad, then studied in Paris under J. P. Laurens, and later in Spain. In 1915, at the exceptionally early age of thirty-one, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and eight years later became a full member. He is a member of the International Portrait Society, the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, and the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers. Mr. Philpot has exhibited in Paris, Rome, Venice, Brussels, Vienna, Berlin, and Stockholm. One of his paintings, "The Three Kings," which will be remembered in last year's International, was purchased by the Baltimore Art Institute. He is also represented in the National Gallery of London. The large decorative painting entitled "Richard Leaving for the Crusades," in the House of Parliament, is from his brush.

Karl Sterrer, the third of the foreign jurors, will be the first Austrian to serve on a Carnegie Jury of Award, although he and his country have frequently been represented in the Internationals. One of his paintings in the last International, "Girl with Ships," was purchased for the permanent collection. He was born in Vienna in 1885. His father was a sculptor and his mother a teacher. He was elected to the Academy of Vienna in 1908 and was awarded the Rome Prize by the Austrian Government which permitted him to travel and study in Italy. In 1921 he was made professor of the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. He is represented in the State Gallery of Vienna and in the Dresden Gallery. Many of his paintings are owned by private collectors in Europe. Like Matisse, in coming to serve on the Carnegie Jury, he will be making his first visit to the United States.





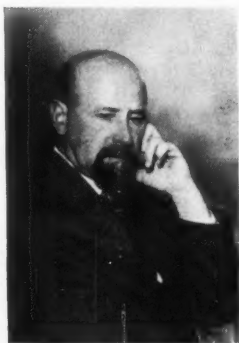
HORATIO WALKER



BERNARD KARFIOL



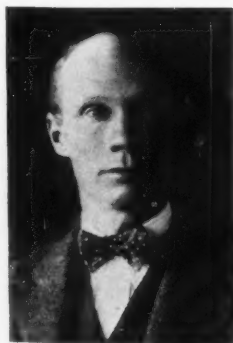
EMIL CARLSEN



KARL STERRER



GLYN PHILPOT



ROSS MOFFETT



CHARLES BURCHFIELD



HENRI MATISSE



#### THIS TURBULENT WORLD

**W**HAT has become of that pacified world which Milton longed to restore?

Calm region once,  
And full of peace, now tossed and turbulent.

Everywhere we turn our gaze the world seems weltering in violence and riot. In Russia, in China, in India we feel the tempest of popular passions, while in the more ordered communities there are signs which make men anxious and alarmed. Germany, who was to be disarmed, is building cruisers that shall outsail and outfight all the other powers of the world. Italy estopped France from entering the London accord by her claim of naval parity. Poland holds an armed force on her eastern border which is disquieting to Russia. Austria, famished for raw materials, is agitating Jugoslavia for the return of the territory of her imperial days. The college boys should put it all into their graduating orations in that classical question, Whither are we tending?

The United States could do much, by conference and counsel, to restore the world that Milton dreamed of—"Calm region once, and full of peace"; but the Chameleon Senator and the Raging Editor are making that impossible. Let's take their advice and cut loose from all entangling alliances. The guided herd is yelling, "Let us arm to lick all creation!" Why not? Let's freeze up our hearts and keep our sympathies to ourselves. Perhaps it

might be a good thing to substitute Shakespeare's vision of the world that is to come for Milton's vision of the world that was:

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a wrack behind.

This is the condition which the Chameleon Senator and the Raging Editor are going to produce. Perhaps it is best that we should all go down together in the universal destruction. And then again, perhaps not.

#### MR. HEARST'S EXPULSION

**I**T is an incident that is mortifying to all Americans to have the Government of the French Republic notify the American editor of twenty-five newspapers that he must quit French soil and not again set foot upon it. And yet, while the affair has been universally discussed in private conversation, no single word criticizing the action of France has come through the wide-open space of The Editor's Window.

Mr. Hearst has been exceedingly arrogant and dictatorial in his personal utterances on public policy, and he has done more than any other individual to paralyze the moral power of the United States, by a prudent participation in international cooperation, in organizing the world's machinery for peace. His publication of the Mexican documents—afterward proved to have

been forgeries—brought us very close to an attitude of war; while his method of obtaining and printing the Anglo-French documents was very properly subject to a challenge in the matter of integrity.

Very recently Mr. Hearst printed this astounding paragraph in his newspapers as a warning to all foreign nations:

Don't interfere with us and we shall not interfere with you. But if you do interfere with us, we shall immediately destroy your most important cities. If you think we can't do it, come and see.

Is it any wonder that other nations are looking upon benevolent old Uncle Sam as a coarse and brutal bully? And is it any wonder that Mr. Hearst has provoked the supreme indignation of the foreign world?

#### NEWSPAPER MANNERS

WE have frequently declared our unbounded respect and admiration for the American newspaper as a daily reflection of modern life. Its power of assembling the news and views of the world every twenty-four hours is an achievement which is remarkable, even when it is repeated every day.

But there are some things to criticize in the manners of newspapers, and when we consider the intimate relation of the newspaper to family life, and how it comes into every household to be devoured by every individual under the roof, our right to make constructive suggestions will scarcely be denied by any generous editor.

This, then, is our little lecture on newspaper manners. You have set up a custom, gentlemen of the press, of dropping the respectful title of "Mr." from your news reports and from interviews. When you speak of a White House statement, you say at first that the President stated thus and so. And in your next reference to the President of the United States, you proceed in this way: "Hoover further stated. . ." Now, that is in itself disrespectful, and it teaches your unthinking readers to

be disrespectful, not only to the President, but to all others.

In a recent account of official changes in the United States Steel Corporation, you said that "Hughes succeeded Clyde" as president of a subsidiary company, and that "Diehl succeeded Hughes." Why not have said Mr. Hughes, Mr. Clyde, and Mr. Diehl? The amount of extra printing space that would have been required to carry the title of "Mr." in each case was infinitesimal, and the essential quality of politeness would have been preserved.

May we state the rule followed in the Magazine? When we speak the first time of a man without a title, we say "William Wilber Smith," without the "Mr." But thereafter we say Mr. Smith.

Recently the Editor of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE replied in a Pittsburgh newspaper to an attack upon his political opinions that had been made by T. J. Gillespie. In every case in which that article referred to his critic, this Editor had, as a matter of course, used the title "Mr." But the newspaper editor blue-penciled the word "Mr." and this Editor was shocked and mortified to find himself speaking publicly of an honored and a prominent citizen, twenty times, as "Gillespie." He immediately wrote a note to Mr. Gillespie, apologizing for the newspaper editor's parsimony of space.

If the more familiar custom is used in reports concerning criminals and thugs, probably no one would make objection, although even here there is an infelicity in speaking of a female unfortunate as "the Smith woman." In that case we would prefer to have the adventuress referred to as Mrs. Smith or Miss Smith. In fact, not so very long ago, one of the female students of a Pittsburgh school found her name dragged into an automobile episode, and to her great shame the newspaper referred to her as "the Smith woman." When the facts were called to his attention, the newspaper editor was prompt to apologize, but the harm had been done.

We are glad to except the New York newspapers from this kindly censure. The New York Times, for example, invariably uses the proper title in every article and in every editorial—no matter how many times the name is repeated: it is always Admiral Byrd—not Byrd; Mr. Kellogg—not Kellogg; Justice Holmes—not Holmes; President Hoover—not Hoover. Will you therefore pardon this little rap on the knuckles, gentlemen of the press, and believe that it comes from one who is your friend and admirer.

## THE MAKING OF WILLS

In making a will, money left to the Carnegie Institute should be covered by the following phrase:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE in the City  
of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

.....Dollars

And bequests to the Carnegie Institute of Technology should be phrased like this:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF  
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The Carnegie Institute stands in immediate need of a further addition of \$3,000,000 to its endowment funds—that is, \$1,000,000 for Fine Arts, \$1,000,000 for Museum, and \$1,000,000 for the unhampered continuance of the International Exhibition of Paintings.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology stands equally in need of large additions to its endowment funds, and is slowly—but very steadily—building up the \$4,000,000 which it must raise in order to secure \$8,000,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Let's make our wills accordingly.

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